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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE Esq.

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CONTAINING HIS

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

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SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

SAPPHO PHAONI.

ECQUID, ut inſpecta eſt ſtudioſae littera dextrae,
Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeïa flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoïdos Aetnae,
Me calor Aetnaeo non minor igne coquit.
Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quae jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuae carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellae,
Nec me Lesbiadum caetera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliae centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'ſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Ask not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are born!
Phaon to Aetna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Aetna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds;
Muſic hath charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Lesbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!

Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurprize,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phoebus bear,
A brighter Phoebus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phoebus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Tho' great Alcaeus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inſpire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love?

Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phoebus Daphnen, et Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcaeus, conſors patriaeque lyraeque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formae damna rependo meae.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eſt mihi; menſuram nominis ipſa fero.
Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cepheïa Perſeo
Andromede, patriae fuſca colore ſuae:
Et variis albae junguntur ſaepe columbae,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, niſi quae facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.
At me cum legeres, etiam formoſa videbar;
Unam jurabas uſque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oſcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.

Haec quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa voluptas,
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae;
Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum,
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae:
Quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva, tuae.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta coerula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quaerit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quae me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis:
Non agitur vento noſtra carina ſuo.
Ecce jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.

My muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill encreaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,

Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you)
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.

Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abeſt.
Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis;
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere ſorores,
Nec data ſunt vitae fila ſevera meae;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, arteſque magiſtrae,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primae lanuginis aetas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat quae conſpicit omnia, Phoebe;
Juſſus erit ſomnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in coelum curru vexiſſet eburno;
Sed videt et Marti poſſe placere ſuo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis aetas!
O decus, atque aevi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus, formoſe, relabere noſtros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes: Lesbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tuliſti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.

Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe diſcedat, Amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Cum mihi neſcio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui;
Et lacrymae deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Poſtquam ſe dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit ſciſſis exululare comis.
Non aliter quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, et e noſtro creſcit moerore Charaxus
Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
Quid dolet haec? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die.
Hlic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.

No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew,)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!

Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give, and take:
Then fiercer joys, I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet, while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the ſilent grove,
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.

A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below:

Saepe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
Saepe tuae videor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.
Blandior interdum, veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Oſcula cognoſco; quae tu committere linguae,
Aptaque conſueras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, et ſine te non libet eſſe mihi.
At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, et omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque proſint.
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi ſcabro pendentia topho,
Quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris inſtar erant.
Invenio ſylvam, quae ſaepe cubilia nobis
Praebuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum ſylvaeque, meumque.
Vile ſolum locus eſt: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preſſas noti mihi ceſpitis herbas:
De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullae dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie moeſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media caetera nocte ſilent.
Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.

Quem ſupra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero ceſpite terra viret.
Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Conſtitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus aequis
" Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
" Phoebus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit aequor:
" Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
" Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhae ſuccenſus amore
" Miſit, et illaeſo corpore preſſit aquas.
" Nec mora: verſus Amor tetigit lentiſſima Pyrrhae
" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
" Leucada; nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time."
Ut monuit; cum voce abiit. Ego frigida ſurgo:
Nec gravidae lacrymas continuere genae.
Ibimus, ô Nymphae, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
Sit procul inſano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti:
Ne ſim Leucadiae mortua crimen aquae.

A flow'ry Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main;
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd:
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the depths below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!

On Phoebus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phoebus conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phoebus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And Phoebus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! can'ſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! can'ſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſt?
This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre,
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?

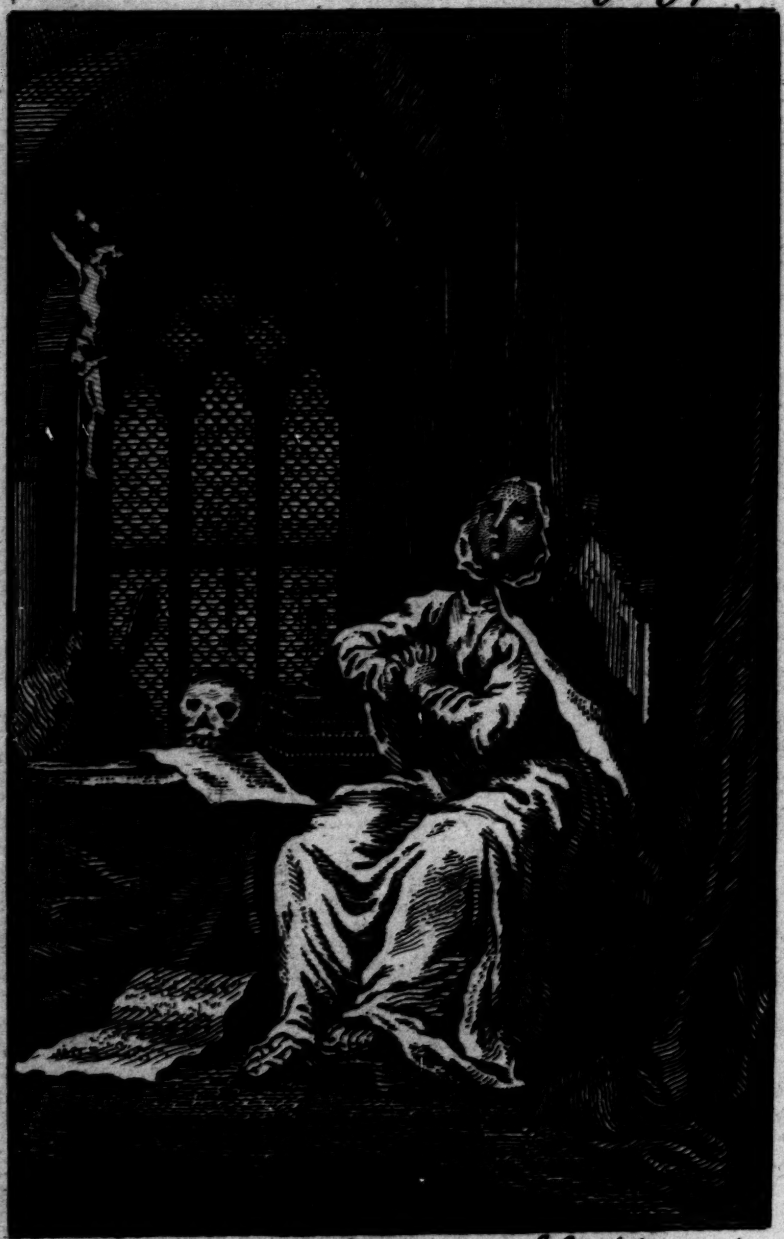
Inde chelyn Phoebo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus et alter erunt.
" Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phoebe, poëtria Sappho:
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phoebus eris.
An potes, ô ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis praecipitanda dari!
Haec ſunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare ſolebas;
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.
Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra eſt.
Lesbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra;
Lesbides, infamem quae me feciſtis amatae;
Deſinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abſtulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miſeram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?

Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare praeſtet eunti.
Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.
Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
[O ſaltem miſerae, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae.]

The winds my pray'rs, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live or ceaſe to love!

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.



Ah Wretch! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.

El. to Ab.

ELOISA
TO
ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins;
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier task theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;

They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſt to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

NOTES.

VER. 66. *And truths divine, &c.*] He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 75.

Love will not be confin'd by Maiſterie:
When Maiſterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone. *Chaucer.*

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not Caeſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?

Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And ſaints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;

NOTES.

VER. 133. *You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls;*] He founded the Monaſtery.

No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſollicit new;
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal task! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,—do all things but forget.

But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; nor waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, my ſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenaeals ſing,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!

NOTES.

VER. 212. *Obedient ſlumbers, &c.*] Taken from Craſhaw.

Provoking Daemons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the Matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

Fair eyes and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
" Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
" Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
" Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
" But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
" Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,

Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"

NOTES.

VER. 343. *May one kind grave, &c.*] Abelard and Eloïſa were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, ſhe in 1163.

From the full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of *Exerciſes*, while he was improving himſelf in the Languages, and carried by his early Bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verſe than Proſe. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from *Chaucer*. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of Engliſh Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having alſo got into Miſcellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *Houſe of Fame*. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the paſſage itſelf is ſet down in the marginal notes.

Millions of Suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend:
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,
And boasting Youth, & narrative Old Age.

Temple of Fame.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *In that ſoft ſeaſon, &c.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whoſe works were for the moſt part Viſions, or pieces of imagination, and conſtantly deſcriptive. From theſe, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The Author of this therefore choſe the ſame ſort of Exordium.

I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes:
There trees, and intermingled temples riſe;
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide Proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 11. &c.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,
Now valeis, and now foreſtes,
And now unneth great beſtes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now ſhippes ſayling in the ſees.

VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, &c.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame*.

It ſtood upon ſo high a rock,
Higher ſtandeth none in Spayne—

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;
Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.

IMITATIONS.

What manner ſtone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glaſs,
But that it ſhone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niſte redily;
But at the laſt eſpied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of iſe, and not of ſtele.

VER. 31. *Inſcriptions here, &c.*]

Tho ſaw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede
They weren almoſt off-thawen ſo,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men ſaid, what may ever laſt.

Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time it ſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, &c.*]

Tho gan I in myne harte caſt,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with ſtormes beate.

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, &c.*]

For on that other ſide I ſey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As freſh as men had written hem there
The ſelf day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiſte what it made;
It was conſerved with the ſhade
(All the writing that I ſye)
Of the caſtle that ſtoode on high,
And ſtood eke in ſo cold a place,
That heat might it not deface.

Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the light'nings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, &c.*] The Temple is deſcribed to be ſquare, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The weſtern front is of Grecian architecture; the Doric order was peculiarly ſacred to Heroes and Worthies. Thoſe whoſe ſtatues are after mentioned, were the firſt names of old Greece in arms and arts.

Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil.
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cithaeron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:

NOTES.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, &c.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the poſition of the famous ſtatue of Farneſe.

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Perſian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Perſian, as Ninus was of the Aſſyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldaeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaſter) employed their ſtudies upon magic and aſtrology, which was in a manner almoſt all the learning of the ancient Aſian people. We have ſcarce any account of a moral philoſopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chineſe, who lived about two thouſand years ago.

There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand,
The ſage Chaldaeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabricks round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres skim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Aegypt's Prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Aegypt's prieſts, &c.*] The learning of the old Aegyptian prieſts conſiſted for the moſt part in geometry and aſtronomy: they alſo preſerved the hiſtory of their nation. Their greateſt Hero upon record is Seſoſtris, whoſe actions and conqueſts may be ſeen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is ſaid to have cauſed the Kings he vanquiſhed to draw him in his chariot. The poſture of his ſtatue, in theſe verſes, is correſpondent to the deſcription which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time.

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Between the ſtatues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,

NOTES.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obſcure than that of the reſt; Zamolxis was the diſciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the ſoul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legiſlator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being ſubject to fits, he perſuaded his followers, that during thoſe trances he received inſpirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is ſaid to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, &c.*] Theſe were the prieſts and poets of thoſe people, ſo celebrated for their ſavage virtue. Thoſe heroic barbarians accounted it a diſhonour to die in their beds, and ruſhed on to certain death in the proſpect of an after-life, and for the glory of a ſong from their bards in praiſe of their actions.

In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.

The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright, tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er the ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 132. *The wall in luſtre, &c.*]

It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;*] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Aſian Princes: his deſire to be thought the ſon of Jupiter Ammon, cauſed him to wear the Horns of that God, and

His feet on ſceptres and tiara's trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian God.
There Caeſar, grac'd with both Minerva's ſhone;
Caeſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperiour ſtill in every ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell:

NOTES.

to repreſent the ſame upon his coins; which was continued by ſeveral of his ſucceſſors.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;*] Timoleon had ſaved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, &c.*] Ariſtides, who for his great integrity was diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *the Juſt*. When his countrymen would have baniſhed

Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;

NOTES.

him by the Oſtraciſm, where it was the cuſtom for every man to ſign the name of the perſon he voted to exile in an Oyſter-ſhell; a peaſant, who could not write, came to Ariſtides to do it for him, who readily ſigned his own name.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, &c.*] In the midſt of the temple, neareſt the throne of Fame, are placed the greateſt names in learning of all antiquity. Theſe are deſcribed in ſuch attitudes as expreſs their different characters: the columns on which they are raiſed are adorned with ſculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking ſubjects of their works; which ſculpture bears a reſemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, &c.*]

From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that ſhone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the ſect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Joſephus the old, &c.
Upon an iron pillere ſtrong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholoſan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Around the ſhrine of Fame itſelf they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182.

Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, &c.

VER. 196, &c.]

There ſaw I ſtand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin Poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pius Aeneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,
That hath ſowen wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame—

Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fixt a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Aeneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:

IMITATIONS.

Tho ſaw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought fully ſternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his ſhoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might ſee,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere ſtode
Of ſulphure, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, ſothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

NOTES.

VER. 210. *Four ſwans ſuſtain, &c.*] Pindar being ſeated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The ſwans are emblems of Poetry, their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune preſided over the Iſthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with the inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuſe The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.*] This expreſſes the mix'd character of the odes of Horace: the ſecond of theſe verſes alludes to that line of his,

Spiritum Graiae tenuem camoenae.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

The action of the Doves hints at a paſſage in the fourth ode of his third book.

Me fabuloſae Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliae,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus——
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et urſis; ut premerer ſacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non ſine Diis animoſus infans.

The poliſh'd pillar different ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves that round the infant Poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.
Here in a ſhrine that caſt a dazling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superiour worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:

IMITATIONS.

Which may be thus engliſhed;

While yet a child, I chanc'd to ſtray,
And in a deſert ſleeping lay;
The ſavage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muſes' future bard;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and bays around me ſpread,
And crown'd your infant poet's head,
Sacred to Muſic and to Love.

Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Viſta's open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iles extend.
Such was her form, as antient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature, &c.*]

Methought that ſhe was ſo lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than ſhe ſeemed be;
But thus ſoone in a while ſhe,
Her ſelf tho wonderly ſtraight,
That with her feet ſhe the earth reight,
And with her head ſhe touchyd heaven——

A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
With time's firſt birth began the heavenly lays,
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the Nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingl'd ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, &c.*]

I heard about her throne y-ſung
That all the palays walls rung
So ſung the mighty Muſe, ſhe
That cleped is Calliope,
And her ſeven ſiſters eke—

VER. 276. *Around theſe wonders, &c.*]

I heard a noiſe approchen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Againſt her time of out flying;
Right ſuch a manere murmuring,
For all the world it ſeemed me.
Tho gan I look about and ſee
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of ſundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, &c.—

Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.
  Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we ſought t'inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For fame is all we muſt expect below.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 294. *Some ſhe diſgrac'd, &c.*]
And ſome of them ſhe granted ſone,
And ſome ſhe warned well and fair,
And ſome ſhe granted the contrair——
Right as her ſiſter dame Fortune
Is wont to ſerve in commune.

The Goddeſs heard, and bad the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the clouds;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 318. *the good and juſt, &c.*]

Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And ſaiden: We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deſerved Fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
I grant, quoth ſhe, for now we liſt
That your good works ſhall be wiſt.
And yet ye ſhall have better loos,
Right in deſpite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth ſhe) thy trump gone——
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth ſmel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roſes——

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtrait the direful Trump of Slander ſounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 328, 338. *behold another croud, &c.*——*From the black trumpet's ruſty, &c.*]

Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye,
Of good folke——
What did this Eolus, but he
Took out his trump of braſs,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan this trump for to blowe,
As all the world ſhould overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's ſoune,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And ſuch a ſmoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's end——&c.

In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 356. *Then came the ſmalleſt, &c.*]

I ſaw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And down on knees anone to fall,
And to her they beſoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And ſaid, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne ſuch renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
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To hiden their good works eke.
And ſaid, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne ſuch renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;

IMITATIONS.

And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth ſhe, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye deſpite to have my name?
Nay ye ſhall lien everichone:
Blowe thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth ſhe) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring theſe folkes workes by rote.
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loofs ſo cleare,
In his golden claricune,
Through the world went the ſoune,
All ſo kindly, and eke ſo ſoft,
That their fame was blown aloft.

So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſtning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes leud tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you (ſhe cried) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 373. *Next theſe a youthful train, &c.*] The reader might compare theſe twenty-eight lines following, which contain the ſame matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the ſixth companye,
And gan faſte to Fame cry, &c.

being too prolix to be here inſerted.

Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the croud.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown,
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 406. *Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty, &c.*]

Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.

VER. 418. *This having heard and ſeen, &c.*] The ſcene here changes from the temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho ſaw I ſtonde in a valey,
Under the caſtle faſt by
A houſe, that Domus Dedali

Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,

IMITATIONS.

That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made ſo wonderly, I wis,
Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as ſwift as thought,
This queint houſe about went,
That never more it ſtill ſtent——
And eke this houſe hath of entrees
As many as leaves are on trees,
In Summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may ſene
A thouſand hoels and well mo,
To letten the ſoune out go;
And by day in every tide
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unſhet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never reſt is in that place.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature to the, &c.*] This thought is transferr'd thither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no leſs than one hundred and twenty verſes, beginning thus,

Geffray, thou wotteſt well this, &c.

As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and skies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes,
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtir'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, &c.*]
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
Of loſs, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
Of divers tranſmutations
Of eſtates and eke of regions,

Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;

IMITATIONS.

Of truſt, of drede, of jealouſy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, &c.*]

But ſuch a grete congregation
Of folke as I ſaw roame about,
Some within, and ſome without,
Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft—
And every wight that I ſaw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or elſe he told it openly
Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
That is betide to night now?

Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quickning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lyes are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the sky.

IMITATIONS.

No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, &c.
————Thus north and ſouth
Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
And that encreaſing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
Till all the citee brent up is.

There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey,
A lye and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lye;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.

NOTES.

VER. 497. *While thus I ſtood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a paſſage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the concluſion, with the addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer* he only anſwers, "he came to ſee the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being ſurprized at the ſight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 489. *There, at one paſſage, &c.*]

And ſometime I ſaw there at once,
A leſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace——
And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe, &c.

How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretch'd, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR THE

MERCHANT's TALE.

FROM

CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bleſt with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace.
Yet led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites:
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.
But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more;
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.

NOTES.

JANUARY AND MAY.] This Tranſlation was done at ſixteen or ſeventeen years of age.

This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
  Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts, promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt:
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
  But what ſo pure, which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;

A boſom-ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night-invaſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try, ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
  Our grand ſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſs'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade.
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
  A wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent Wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th' Aſſyrian foe:
At Heſter's ſuit, the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
  Theſe weighty motives, January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;

And charm'd with virtuous joys, and ſober life,
Would try that chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice,
To paſs their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd, (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am haſtning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for batchelors to wed;
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice-marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:

But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in leud adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt, for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heav'n's conſent, and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue loſt, tho' time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below.
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd.

Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous poſitive, and wondrous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.

Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wiſeman's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt
As ſtill I hold your old advice the beſt.

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, your honour's in the right.
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to Man;
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good.

Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With rev'rend dulneſs and grave impotence.
Juſtin, who ſilent ſate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a Philoſophic frown, began.
A heathen author, of the firſt degree,
(Who, tho' not faith, had ſenſe as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous principles, and juſt.
The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your Lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And ſpight of all his praiſes muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear:
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.

Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in Age:
But at theſe years, to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will ask obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heath'niſh Authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The Knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his ſoul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
Whilſt fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome public Forum fix'd on high,
A mirrour ſhows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs,

This lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue, bleſt:
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe:
And thank the pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd;

That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.
This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickl'd at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your buſineſs to a hair;
Not even in wiſh, your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better chear:
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.

The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The old have int'reſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life.
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And plac'd in ſtate, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling [ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day:
The joys are ſuch, as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſate ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian King:
Bright as the riſing ſun, in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumph, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His task perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.

There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the sky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſate upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſs'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.

Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the ſun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High Maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The ſquire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſat the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh husband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;

Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd the impreſſions of the love-ſick ſquire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your ſex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some Sages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of human-kind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed Romance:
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:

About this ſpring (if antient fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light ſports purſue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſp'rits a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbl'd thro' the ſhade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this ſweet place, in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and bus'neſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly May.
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden ſped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure,
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.

Full oft in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fix'd; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous ſquire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain:
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could ſee as far as ſhips can ſail?
'Tis better, ſure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can ſee!
Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honeſt husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the caſe his own.
The dame at laſt, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impreſſion to the truſty ſquire.
By means of this, ſome wonder ſhall appear,
Which, in due place and ſeaſon, you may hear.
Well ſung ſweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What ſlight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly ſhow
The feats true lovers, when they liſt, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in ſpite of all,
They found the art of kiſſing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to ſtray;
It happ'd, that once upon a ſummer's day,
Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his ſpouſe e'er Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he ſung.

Awake, my love, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes;
Ariſe, my wife, my beauteous Lady, riſe!
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
The winter's paſt; the clouds and tempeſts fly;
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe ev'ry charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart:
Come, and in mutual pleaſures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian ſtrait a ſign ſhe made,
To haſte before; the gentle ſquire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd, he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.

Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather wou'd I chuſe, by heav'n above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhewn,
When un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.

Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age, nor blindneſs rob me of delight.
Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my Lady, and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light, by heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this——my dear, and this——
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who that once poſſeſs'd thoſe heav'nly charms,
Cou'd live one moment abſent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and May with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:)
Heav'n knows, (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band:

Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:
  Firſt may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy!
This chime ſtill rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.
  Thus while ſhe ſpoke a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian kneeling, worſhipp'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.
  'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs thro' the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glade the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields,
Clear was the day, and Phoebus riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden-ſide,
And in the midſt their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the green ſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid: Of all mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhould'ſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you ſee:

But ſince he's blind and old (a helpleſs caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.
And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age;
Art ſhall be theirs to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe husbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.
What tho' this ſland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiſer wits of later times declare,
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous women are:
Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what Roman Authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has ſaid?
What tho' this King (as antient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whoſe reign indulgent God, ſays holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;
David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex; and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lyes.
By heav'n, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt, and will oppoſe.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd knight again ſhould ſee;
It muſt be done——I am a King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been.—
And ſo has mine, (ſhe ſaid)——I am a Queen:
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make.

Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroick ſtrain,
And to the knight our ſtory turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing: Oh good Gods, ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide?
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs husband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that, his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the Lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there?
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
So heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs it *ſeem'd* too plain—
By all thoſe pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they liſt, can cry.)
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw,
By heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours riſe, and intercept the day.

So juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your ſight:
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH. HER PROLOGUE. FROM CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the ſcripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.

Encreaſe and multiply, was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myſelf full many a merry fit;
And truſt in Heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The ſame Apoſtle too has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel——and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.
I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am not ſo nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, ſo am not I.
Full many a Saint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid, in ſpite of man:

Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by heav'n
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n;
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul's a ſound divine.

Know then, of thoſe five husbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more Pleaſure far than they had Eaſe.

Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but ſmil'd, a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye ſov'reign wives! give ear, and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lye ſo boldly as we women can:
Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul; ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam——
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?

If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair;
Cry, wives are falſe, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her husband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turn poſſeſs her brain,
Now gayly mad, now ſourly ſplenetic,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe's ſick.
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide:
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool-gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo grey, but ſoon or late,
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes, men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake:
Then, not till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with, My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance, a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.

My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lyes.
On Jenkin too you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice, ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool: nor ſhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit, in ſpite of both your eyes——
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay:
The Cat, if you but ſinge her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;

But once grown ſleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun;
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To ſhow her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told 'em, Thus you ſay, and thus you do,
And told 'em falſe, but Jenkin ſwore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him——'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſom love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.

Yet with embraces, curſes oft I mixt,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke,
" Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look?
" Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,
" Well ſhould you practiſe, who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.
" One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender husbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three lords I paſt my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.

What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure, as cold ingenders hail,
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid—as how? you'll ſay,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantic jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.

Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd,
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul, I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew,
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one dame Aliſon.
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh Prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piſs'd againſt a wall,

Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal,
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.

It ſo befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft'a day I to this goſſip went;
(My husband, thank my ſtars, was out of town)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down.
This clerk, my ſelf, and my good neighbour Alce,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Maſquerade,
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At Sermons too I ſhone in ſcarlet gay;
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array,
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtrait ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.

I vow'd, I ſcarce cou'd ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;

If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have ſhown.
All this I ſaid; But dreams, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lye —and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows—muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did —— not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, Mars and Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance, and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this pow'rfull conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land:

But oft' repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once by Heav'n he ſtruck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge your ſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any Lioneſs was I;
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo, in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He, againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And choſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of holy writ.
Oft' would he ſay, who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or let his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And ſo do numbers more, I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft at evening read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lyes) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's proverbs, Eloïſa's loves;
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.

Who drew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars, who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a Winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid.
But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—oh monſtrous! fie for ſhame!

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day, he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the ſage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
Rain follows thunder, that was all he ſaid.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.

Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.
Then how two wives their lord's deſtruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd)
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face;
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life:

I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone, beſtow
Pleaſures above, for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave!

THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

OEdipus King of Thebes having by miſtake ſlain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocaſta; put out his own eyes, and reſign'd the realm to his ſons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tiſiphone, to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly, each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the Thebans, and Argives alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraſtus King of Argos. Juno oppoſes, but to no effect; and Mercury is ſent on a meſſage to the ſhades, to the ghoſt of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his brother. Adraſtus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters ſhould be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers by whom the hides of thoſe beaſts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that God. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of Phoebus and Pſamathe, and the ſtory of Choroebus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality: the ſacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Tranſlator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almoſt in his Childhood. But finding the Verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome correction a few years afterwards.

THE THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.III.

FRaternal rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong; a ſacred fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?

FRaternas acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, ſonteſque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deae? gentiſne canam primordia dirae?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreae? ſcrutantemque aequora Cadmum?

How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an Iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The ſire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Oedipus——from his diſaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Caeſar's conqu'ring eagles ſing;

Longa retro ſeries, trepidum ſi Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem praelia ſulcis
Expediam, penituſque ſequar quo carmine muris
Juſſerit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,
Quod ſaevae Junonis opus; cui ſumpſerit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, ſocio caſura Palaemone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et proſpera Cadmi
Praeteriiſſe ſinam: limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodae confuſa domus: quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctoos auſim ſperare triumphos,

How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove,
In youthful arms t' aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Encreaſe of glory to the Latian name!
Oh bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What tho' the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace,
And croud their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phoebus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Tho' Jove himſelf no leſs content would be,
To part his throne and ſhare his heav'n with thee;

Biſque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Iſtrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defenſa prius vix pubeſcentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque ô Latiae decus addite famae,
Quem nova maturi ſubeuntem exorſa parentis
Aeternum ſibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat ſtellas, et te plaga lucida coeli
Pleiadum, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Solicitet; licet ignipedum frenator equorum
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa

Yet ſtay, great Caeſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Caeſar's fame:
Mean while permit, that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wand'ring ghoſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.

Parte poli; maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terraeque potens, et ſidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oeſtro
Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. ſatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis poſt fata modum, flammaſque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumuliſque carentia regum
Funera, et egeſtas alternis mortibus urbes;
Caerula cum rubuit Lernaeo ſanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes aſſuetum ſtringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Iſmenon acervo.

What Hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how with hills of ſlain on ev'ry ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tyde?
Or how the Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul,

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum irae
Tydea? laurigeri ſubitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget et hoſtilem propellens caedibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumina dextra
Merſerat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaque animam ſub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos coelo, radiiſque penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Saeva dies animi, ſcelerumque in pectore Dirae.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopaeus.

The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke.
Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, ſable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coaſts, which I tho' blind behold:
Tiſiphone, that oft haſt heard my pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if Oedipus deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:

Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miſerabile vitae
Supplicium, oſtentat coelo, manibuſque cruentis
Pulſat inane ſolum, ſaevaque ita voce precatur:
Dî ſontes animas, anguſtaque Tartara poenis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi conſueta vocari
Annue Tiſiphone, perverſaque vota ſecunda,
Si bene quid merui, ſi me de matre cadentem
Foviſti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmaſti; ſi ſtagna petî Cyrrhaea bicorni
Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo
Contentus Polybo, trifidaeque in Phocidos arce
Longaevum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis

If I the Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then ſelf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight;
Oh hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire!
My ſons their old, unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,
Inſult my darkneſs, and my groans deride.

Ora ſenis, dum quaero patrem: ſi Sphingos iniquae
Callidus ambages, te praemonſtrante, reſolvi;
Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium gaviſus inî; noctemque nefandam
Saepe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi;
Mox avidus poenae digitis caedentibus ultro
Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui:
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quaeque ipſa furenti
Subjiceres: orbum viſu regniſque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
(Prô dolor) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.

Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their children's children ſhall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curſes bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd, ſulphureous waters drink;

Hiſce etiam funeſtus ego? et videt iſta deorum
Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votiſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas. nec tarda ſequetur
Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora noſces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva ſeveros
Advertit vultus; inamoenum forte ſedebat

But at the ſummons, roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air,
The gliding light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.
Thro' crouds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd, the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To the iron gates of Tenarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and ſick'ning at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.

Cocyton juxta, reſolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere ſulfureas permiſerat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igni Jovis, lapſiſque citatior aſtris
Triſtibus exiliit ripis. Diſcedit inane
Vulgus, et occurſus dominae pavet; illa per umbras
Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.
Senſit adeſſe dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remiſit.
Arripuit extemplo Maleae de valle reſurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.

A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phoebe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blaſt of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithaeron's top ſalutes the sky,

Centum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora ceraſtae,
Turba minor diri capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phoebes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa ſitis, morbique fameſque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla, et caeruli redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: haec igne rogali
Fulgurat, haec vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut ſtetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cythaeron

A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round:
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And thro' th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palaemon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Strait with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their Furies wake within their breaſt,

Occurrit coelo, fera ſibila crine virenti
Congeminat, ſignum terris, unde omnis Achaei
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna reſultant.
Audiit et medius coeli Parnaſſus, et aſper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminus vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmos.
Ipſa ſuum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona preſſit.
Atque ea Cadmaeo praeceps ubi limine primum
Conſtitit, aſſuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum ſub pectore motus,
Gentileſque animos ſubiit furor, aegraque laetis

NOTES.

VER. 173.] *Gentiliſque animos ſubiit furor*, ſeems a better reading than *Gentileſque*.

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries:
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſov'reign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided pow'r.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay:
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Saevus amor: raptaeque vices, juriſque ſecundi
Ambitus impatiens, et ſummo dulcius unum
Stare loco, ſociiſque comes diſcordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola impoſito ſociare affectat aratro;
Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodoſos cervix deſcendit in armos,
In diverſa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
Haud ſecus indomitos praeceps diſcordia fratres
Aſperat. Alterni placuit ſub legibus anni

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway;
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Forſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine——

Exilio mutare ducem. Sic jure maligno
Fortunam tranſire jubent, ut ſceptra tenentem
Foedere praecipiti ſemper novus angeret heres.
Haec inter fratres pietas erat: haec mora pugnae
Sola, nec in regem perduratura ſecundum.
Et nondum craſſo laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congeſtos ſatis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia ſomnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri ſtatione gementes
Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda poteſtas

Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phoebus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou could'ſt around ſurvey,

Armavit fratres: pugna eſt de paupere regno.
Dumque uter anguſtae ſqualentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii ſolio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, faſque, bonumque,
Et vitae, mortiſque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miſeri! quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?
Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid ſi Tyriae Phrygiaeve ſub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arceſque nefandae
Suffecere odio, furtiſque immanibus emptum eſt
Oedipodae ſediſſe loco. Jam ſorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos. Quis tum tibi, ſaeve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula

Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar ſpight
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign?
Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now controul a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:

Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Diſſidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laeſiſſe veneno
Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia ſubdere colla!
Partiti verſant populorum fata, manuque

Ev'n Fortune rules no more:——O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou ſire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When baniſh'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And fated in Boeotian fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatning ardour glow!

Fortunam fecere levem. ſemperne viciſſim
Exulibus ſervire dabor? tibi, ſumme deorum,
Terrarumque ſator, ſociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio juſſus ſale quaerere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros:
Fraternaſque acies foetae telluris hiatu,
Augurium, ſeros demiſit aduſque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva ſub fronte minetur
Saevior aſſurgens dempto conſorte poteſtas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia faſtu?

Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile, ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in ev'ry reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw:
Thus on each ſide, alas! our tott'ring ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate,
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:

Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi.
Quid mirum? non ſolus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus caſus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.
Heu dubio ſuſpenſa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aſpera ſors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
At Jovis imperiis rapidi ſuper atria coeli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo

Far in the bright receſſes of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.
Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry Throne,
The Majeſty of heav'n ſuperior ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the God.
At Jove's aſſent, the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bow'rs;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wand'ring winds to blow:

Interiore polo. ſpatiis hinc omnia juxta
Primaeque occiduaeque domus, effuſa ſub omni
Terra atque unde die. mediis ſeſe arduus infert
Ipſe deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat ſolio. nec protinus auſi.
Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipſe ſedendi
Tranquilla jubet eſſe manu. mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et ſummis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compreſſa metu ſervantes murmura venti,

NOTES.

VER. 281.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it ſhould be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*.

Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic Gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heav'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke,
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long ſhall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;
Th' Aeolian forge exhauſted of its fires.

Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine poſtes.
Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, et vocem fata ſequuntur)
Terrarum delicta, nec exſuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. quonam uſque nocentum
Exigar in poenas? taedet ſaevire coruſco
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operoſa fatiſcnut
Brachia, et Aeoliis deſunt incudibus ignes.

For this, I ſuffer'd Phoebus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day.
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heav'n itſelf the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main:
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To puniſh theſe, ſee Jove himſelf deſcend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus thoſe of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter and the haunted wood?

Atque ideo tuleram falſo rectore ſolutos
Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontaea mundum ſquallere favilla.
Nil actum eſt: neque tu valida quod cuſpide late
Ire per illicitum pelago germane dediſti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quis ſanguinis autor
Ipſe ego, deſcendo. Perſeos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impoſta manet: quis funera Cadmi
Neſciat? et toties excitam a ſedibus imis
Eumenidum bellaſſe aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroreſque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum

The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane,
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And riſing gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of Laius ſhed)
The murd'ring ſon aſcend his parent's bed,
Thro' violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh Oedipus, juſt heav'n alarms,
And ſets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.

Crimina? vix lucis ſpatio, vix noctis abactae
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius haeres
Patris, et immeritae gremium incaeſtare parentis
Appetiit, proprios monſtro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula ſolvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius aethere noſtro
Veſcitur, at nati (facinus ſine more!) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tuliſti,
Dire ſenex; meruere tuae, meruere tenebrae
Ultorem ſperare Jovem. nova ſontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a ſtirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. belli mihi ſemina ſunto

Adraſtus ſoon, with Gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembring breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.
He ſaid; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
(With ſudden grief her lab'ring boſom burn'd)
Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Muſt I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame;
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold.

Adraſtus ſocer, et ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris
Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis inceſſere gentem
Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et ſaevae periit injuria menſae.
Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi ſaucia dictis,
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert: Mene, ô juſtiſſime divûm,
Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibuſque juvem; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem Phariae, ſomno letoque juvencae
Extinguas, ſeptis et turribus aureus intres.

Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;
But Thebes, where ſhining in celeſtial charms
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deſerves, may prove—
And why ſhould Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter-queen controul,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,
Go, raſe my Samos, let Mycenè fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rites transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, thro' Aegypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.

Mentitis ignoſco toris: illam odimus urbem,
Quam vultu confeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebae: cur hoſtes eligis Argos?
Quin age, ſi tanta eſt thalami diſcordia ſancti,
Et Samon, et veteres armis exſcinde Mycenas.
Verte ſolo Sparten. cur uſquam ſanguine feſto
Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
Laeta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
Coptos, et aeriſoni lugentia flumina Nili.

But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove deſign'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where firſt Alpheus hides
His wand'ring ſtream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace thy mighty name;
Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe; and can'ſt thou love
Preſumptuous Crete that boaſts the tomb of Jove!

Quod ſi priſca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis ſera haec ſententia curis;
Percenſere aevi ſenium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et ſecula retro
Emendare ſat eſt? jamdudum ab ſedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor eſt) delubra nefaſtis
Impoſuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Oenomai, Geticoque pecus ſtabulare ſub Aemo
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes

And ſhall not Tantalus's kingdom ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?
Reverſe, O Jove, thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous kings impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe 'em with ſuch ſons as thoſe.
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen expreſs'd
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply.
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty ſoul would bear
The dire, tho' juſt, revenge which I prepare
Againſt a nation thy peculiar care:
No leſs Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus leſs his native town defend,
Yet theſe in ſilence ſee the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our ſuperior will.

Creta tuos. me Tantaleis conſiſtere tectis,
Quae tandem invidia eſt? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miſereſce tui. ſunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos paſſura nocentes.
Finierat miſcens precibus convicia Juno,
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aſpera, motus
Reddidit haec: Equidem haud rebar te mente ſecunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
Conſulerem, neque me (detur ſi copia) fallit
Multa ſuper Thebis Bacchum, auſuramque Dionem
Dicere, ſed noſtri reverentia ponderis obſtat.

NOTES.

VER. 399. *with ſuch ſons as thoſe.*] Eteocles and Polynices.

For by the black infernal Styx I ſwear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no perſuaſion move.
Haſte then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the ſhades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt yet ſhiv'ring on Cocytus' ſand,
Expects its paſſage to the further ſtrand:
Let the pale ſire reviſit Thebes, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:

Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
Obteſtor, manſurum et non revocabile verum,
Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales
Portantes praecede Notos Cyllenia proles:
Aëra per liquidum, regniſque illapſus opacis
Dic patruo: ſuperas ſenior ſe tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat haec diro mea juſſa nepoti:
Germanum exilio fretum, Argoliciſque tumentem
Hoſpitiis, quod ſponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:

Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate:
The reſt, ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into Fate.
The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Thoſe golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head.
He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or, in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coaſts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghoſts.
Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers thro' air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Mean time the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,

Hinc cauſae irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat aſtra galero.
Tum dextrae virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, et exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.
Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furtim deſerta pererrat

While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily viſion and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt.)

Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum ſignis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies nocteſque recurſans
Cura virum, ſi quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et ſemet Thebis, opibuſque potitum
Cerneret, hac aevum cupiat pro luce paciſci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae diſpendia: ſed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et ſediſſe ſuperbum
Dejecto ſe fratre putat, ſpes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo conſumit gaudia voto.
Tunc ſedet Inachias urbes, Danaëïaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas,

And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,
Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground.
Then ſees Cithaeron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew,
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;

Ferre iter impavidum. ſeu praevia ducit Erynnis,
Seu fors illa viae, ſive hac immota vocabat
Atropos: Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deſerit, et pingues Bacchaeo ſanguine colles.
Inde plagam, qua molle ſedens in plana Cithaeron
Porrigitur, lapſumque inclinat ad aequora montem,
Praeterit. hinc arcte ſcopuloſo in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllaeaque rura
Purpureo regnata ſeni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.
Jamque per emeriti ſurgens confinia Phoebi
Titanis, late mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Roriſera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.

All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending thro' the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Encrease the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound;
Burst from th' Aeolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,

Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam somnus avaris
Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat,
Grata laboratae referens oblivia vitae.
Sed nec puniceo sediturum nubila coelo
Promisere jubar, nec rarescentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phoebo.
Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammae
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
Aeoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hyems, venti transversa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum coelum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,

From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily ſhow'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flaſh from ev'ry cloud.
Now ſmoaks with ſhow'rs the miſty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th'Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eraſinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds:
Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling forreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:
The ſtorm the dark Lycaean groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.

Defunditque imbres, ficco quos aſper hiatu
Perſolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiſcunt
Fulgura, et attritus ſubita face rumpitur aether.
Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis
Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas ſurgens Eraſinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae
Aggeribus tenuere morae, ſtagnoque refuſa eſt
Funditus, et veteri ſpumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
Brachia ſylvarum, nulliſque aſpecta per aevum
Solibus umbroſi patuere aeſtiva Lycaei.

Th' intrepid Theban hears the burſting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd, from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by ſtorms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.

Ille tamen modo ſaxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure pavens, paſſimque inſano turbine raptas
Paſtorum pecorumque domos. non ſegnius amens,
Ineertuſque viae, per nigra ſilentia, vaſtum
Haurit iter: pulſat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprenſus nativa ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico ſidere monſtrat
Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut ſaxa malignis
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes ſcopulos erectae incurrere prorae:

Thus ſtrove the chief, on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickeſt woods, and rouz'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days.

Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vaſto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens ſtabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat ſtimulos animo vis moeſta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens
Lariſſaeus apex: illò ſpe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celſae Junonia templa Proſymnae
Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo ſignata vapore
Lernaei ſtagna atra vadi. tandemque recluſis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Veſtibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis poſtibus aulae
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia ſomnos.
Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae
In ſenium vergens populos Adraſtus habebat,

By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the deeps of fate?)
Had ſung—— "Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion and a briſtly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo hapleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,

Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de ſanguine ducens.
Hic ſexûs melioris inops, ſed prole virebat
Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phoebus generos (monſtrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) aevo ducente canebat
Setigerumque ſuem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Haec volvens, non ipſe pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde ſedens aegreſcit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni ſanguinis illum

And ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Thro' the thick deſerts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driv'n,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from the inclement heav'n,
'Till, led by fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms, and hoſpitable court;
The King ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurprize.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread.

Conſcius horror agit) eadem ſub nocte ſopora
Luſtra terit, ſimileſque Notos dequeſtus et imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comaſque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat. ——
Hic primum luſtrare oculis, cultuſque virorum
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem, quem per Theumeſia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonaei veſtitur praelia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo

Oblique his tusks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accompliſh'd Oracle ſurveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots thro' ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent Queen of night.
Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangl'd arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
'Till nature quickn'd by the inſpiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.

Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviae, Calydonis honos. ſtupet omine tanto
Defixus ſenior, divina oracula Phoebi
Agnoſcens, monituſque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, laetuſque per artus
Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas:
Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,

Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phoebus: I confeſs the Gods!
Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relicks of a former ſacrifice.
The King once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.

Tu mihi perplexis quaeſitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
Electa cervice greges, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte novo perfuſus edet Vulcanius ignis.
Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique receſſus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. ſic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina ſacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulaſque recentes

His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around, at aweful diſtance, wait the reſt.
And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,

Inſtaurare jubet. dictis parere miniſtri
Certatim accelerant. vario ſtrepit icta tumultu
Regia: pars oſtro tenues, auroque ſonantes
Emunire toros, altoſque inferre tapetas;
Pars teretes levare manu, ac diſponere menſas:
Aſt alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Aggreſſi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inſerto torrere exanguia ferro
Viſcera caeſarum pecudum: his, cumulare caniſtris
Perdomitam ſaxo Cererem. laetatur Adraſtus
Obſequio fervere domum. jamque ipſe ſuperbis
Fulgebat ſtratis, ſolioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes ſiccati vulnera lymphis
Diſcumbunt: ſimul ora notis foedata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoſcunt. tunc rex longaevus Aceſten

Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd.
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features reſt.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,

(Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidiſſima cuſtos
Lecta ſacrum juſtae Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora praeceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egreſſae thalamo (mirabile viſu)
Pallados armiſonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae
Aequa ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
Viſa virûm facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hauſere genas: oculique verentes
Ad ſanctum rediere patrem. Poſtquam ordine menſae
Victa fames, ſignis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit,

Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in th' etherial height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celeſtial pow'r they call;
With Phoebus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.

Qua Danaus libare deis ſeniorque Phoroneus
Aſſueti. tenet haec operum caelata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam praeſecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet, jam jamque vagas (ita viſus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant moeſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Coelicolas: Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad aras

The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)

Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui feſta dies, largoque refecti
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
Forſitan, ô juvenes, quae ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
Praecipuum cauſis Phoebi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit
Relligio; magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam coerulei ſinuoſa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquamiſque annoſa terentem
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,

To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſt,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flow'ry ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th'illuſtrious offspring of the God was born,
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.

Cyrrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula caedi
Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis, et pubeſcentibus annis,
Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, ſi Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phoebo ſociaſſet amorem.
Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeaei ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumeret orbes
Cynthia, ſidereum Latonae foeta nepotem
Edidit: ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum ſepta inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy thoſe of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clauſa arbutei ſub cortice libri
Membra tepent, ſuadetque leves, cava fiſtula ſomnos,
Et pecori commune ſolum. ſed fata nec illum
Conceſſere larem: viridi nam ceſpite terrae
Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem,
Dira canum rabies morſu depaſta cruento
Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulſi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus: ipſa ultro ſaevis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus

Then wild with anguiſh to her ſire ſhe flies:
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with ſorrow for the deed too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Choroebus warms,
Choroebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.

Occurrit confeſſa patri. Nec motus, at ātro
Imperat, nefandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
Sero memor thalami, moeſtae ſolatia morti,
Phoebe, paras. monſtrum infandis Acheronte ſub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, aeternum ſtridens a vertice ſurgit
Et ferrugineam frontem diſcriminat anguis:
Haec tam dira lues nocturno ſquallida paſſu
Illabi thalamis, animaſque a ſtirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morſuque cruento
Deveſci et multum patrio pingueſcere luctu.
Haud tulit armorum praeſtans animique Choroebus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam poſthabita faciles extendere vita,

Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide;
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youth ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Choroebus in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our childrens blood.
The croud in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.

Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
Ferratique ungues tenero ſub corde tepeſcunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virûm ſtipante corona,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens ſub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animae mucrone coruſco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem ſua monſtra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et viſere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et craſſo ſqualentia pectora tabo,
Qua noſtrae cecidere animae. ſtupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque poſt lacrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.

Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phoebus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phoebus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;

Hi trabibus duris, ſolatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, aſproſque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere poteſtas.
Illam et nocturno circum ſtridore volantes
Impaſtae fugiſtis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque ſicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâſſe luporûm.
Saevior in miſeros fatis ultricis ademptae
Delius inſurgit, ſummaque biverticis umbra
Parnaſſi reſidens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Peſtifera arma jacit, campoſque, et celſa Cyclopum
Tecta ſuperjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animae: mors fila ſororum
Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
Quaerenti quae cauſa duci, quis ab aethere laevus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum!

Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſs'd be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus beſpoke:
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phoebus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;

Idem autor Paean rurſus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monſtro juvenes, qui caede potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in ſaecula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi
Conſtitit, et ſacras ita vocibus aſperat iras.
Non miſſus, Thymbraee, tuos ſupplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conſcia virtus
Has egere vias. ego ſum qui caede ſubegi,
Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et ſqualente die, nigra quem tabe ſiniſtri

For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in Heav'n can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Our fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Quaeris, inique, poli. quod ſi monſtra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, et ſaevo tanta inclementia coelo eſt;
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, ſolum
Objeciſſe caput fatis praeſtabit, an illud
Lene magis cordi, quod deſolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? ſed quid fando tua tela manuſque
Demoror? expectant matres, ſupremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. ſatis eſt: merui, ne parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcuſque intende ſonoros,
Inſignemque animam leto demitte: ſed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui deſuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa merentes

Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial Heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phoebus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe;
Theſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phoebus pleaſe:
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his antient wrath appeaſe.
But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?
The noble Tydeus ſtands confeſs'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.

Reſpicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia caedis
Latoïden, triſtemque viro ſummiſſus honorem
Largitur vitae. noſtro mala nubila coelo
Diffugiunt; at tu ſtupefacti a limine Phoebi
Exoratus abis. inde haec ſtata ſacra quotannis
Solennes recolunt epulae, Phoebeiaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has forte inviſitis aras.
Vos quae progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus,
Et Parthaoniae (dudum ſi certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs; tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando haec variis ſermonibus hora eſt.

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd? 800
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and Thebes my native place. 805
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breaſt
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies:——Ah why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to ſtray, 810
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.

Dejecit moeſtos extemplo Iſmenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laeſum
Obliquare oculos: tum longa ſilentia movit.
Non ſuper hos divûm tibi ſum querendus honores 800
Unde genus, quae terrae mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter ſacra fateri.
Sed ſi praecipitant miſerum cognoſcere curae,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebe,
Et genetrix Jocaſta mihi. Tum motus Adraſtus 805
Hoſpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
Scimus, ait, nec ſic averſum fama Mycenis 810
Volvit iter. Regnum, et furias, oculoſque pudentes

Ev'n thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And thoſe who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithleſs Syrtes and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents crimes deſcend,
What Prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy anceſtors diſgrace,
And be thyſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great Apollo's praiſe.

Novit, et Arctoïs ſi quis de ſolibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occaſibus intrat
Oceanum, et ſi quos incerto littore Syrtes
Deſtituunt, ne perge queri, caſuſque priorum
Annumerare tibi: noſtro quoque ſanguine multum
Erravit pietas: nec culpa nepotibus obſtat.
Tu modo diſſimilis rebus mereare ſecundis
Excuſare tuos. Sed jam temone ſupino
Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor urſae:
Fundite vina focis, ſervatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Oh father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coaſt
And ſnowy mountains, thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the ſhady ſhore;
Or chuſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of ſecret fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors ſpread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.

Phoebe parens, ſeu te Lyciae Pataraea nivoſis
Exercent dumeta jugis, ſeu rore pudico
Caſtaliae flavos amor eſt tibi mergere crines:
Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris ſubiiſſe molares:
Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et aſſiduam pelago non quaerere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hoſtes
Arcus, et aetherii dono ceſſere parentes
Aeternum florere genas. Tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum praenoſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
Et ſummo placitura Jovi. Quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quae ſceptra Cometae,

Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T' excel the muſic of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt,
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boaſt.
In Phlegyas' doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hoſpitable Argos ſhine,
Whether the ſtyle of Titan pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple rays th' Achaemenes adore;
Or great Oſiris, who firſt taught the ſwain
In Pharian fields to ſow the golden grain;

Tu Phryga ſubmittis cytharae. Tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. Ultrix tibi torva Megaera
Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem
Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibuſque profanis
Inſtimulat: ſed miſta famem faſtidia vincunt.
Adſis ô memor hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames. Seu te roſeum Titana vocari
Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, ſeu praeſtat Oſyrin

Or Mitra, to whoſe beams the Perſian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

Frugiferum, ſeu Perſei ſub rupibus antri
Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair conſort of her ſon replies.
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own;

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota miniſtrae,
Ingemuit; quam ſic nurus eſt adfata gementem:
Te tamen, ô genitrix, alienae a ſanguine veſtro
Rapta movet facies. Quid ſi tibi mira ſororis

NOTES.

DRYOPE.] Upon occaſion of the death of Hercules, his Mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who anſwers with a relation of thoſe of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her ſiſter Dryope, which is the ſubject of the enſuing Fable.

Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myſelf the offſpring of a ſecond bride.)
This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,
Andraemon lov'd; and bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.

Fata meae referam? quanquam lacrymaeque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. Fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex aliâ genuit) notiſſima formâ
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei paſſam Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andraemon: et habetur conjuge felix.
Eſt lacus, acclivis devexo margine formam
Litoris efficiens: ſummum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum neſcia, quóque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque ſinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.

Nor diſtant far, a watry Lotos grows,
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with bloſſoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of theſe ſhe crop'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done:
But lo! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight:
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan pow'rs ador'd:

Haud procul à ſtagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In ſpem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpſerat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. Vidi guttas e flore cruentas
Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agreſtes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obſcoena Priapi,
Contulerat verſos, ſervato nomine, vultus.
Neſcierat ſoror hoc; quae cum perterrita retro
Ire; et adoratis vellet diſcedere Nymphis;

But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair; the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.

Haeſerunt radice pedes convellere pugnat:
Nec quidquam, niſi ſumma, movet, ſuccreſcit ab imo.
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.
At puer Amphiſſos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigeſcere ſentit
Ubera: nec ſequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, ſoror: quantumque valebam,
Creſcentem truncum ramoſque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui ſub eodem cortice condi.

Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind.
Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more, a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf diſtils a trickling tear,
And ſtrait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in ſighs complains:
If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.

Ecce vir Andraemon, genitorque miſerrimus, adſunt:
Et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis
Oſtendi Loton. Tepido dant oſcula ligno:
Adfuſique ſuae radicibus arboris haerent.
Nil niſi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Cara ſoror. Lacrimae miſero de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque praeſtant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra queſtus.
Si qua fides miſeris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruiſſe nefas. Patior ſine crimine poenam.
Viximus innocuae: ſi mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes; et caeſa ſecuribus urar.

But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed;
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and ſay with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh, let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe farewel!
If in your breaſts or love, or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing ſteel.
Farewel! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.

Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici: noſtrâque ſub arbore ſaepe
Lac facitote bibat; noſtrâque ſub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote ſalutet,
Et triſtis dicat: Latet hoc ſub ſtipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet eſſe Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque.
Quod ſi qua eſt pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis,
A pecoris morſu frondes defendite noſtras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non eſt,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oſcula noſtra venite,

My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades:
Remove your hands, the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Dum tangi poſſum, parvumque attollite natum,
Plura loqui nequeo. Nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber ſerpit: ſummoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus. ſi munere veſtro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Deſierant ſimul ora loqui, ſimul eſſe: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the ſylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flow'ry field,
The ſtreams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.

REGE ſub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla ſatinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit ſolertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei ſtudioſior altera foetus:
Unde tenet nomen. non ſilvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos, felicia poma ferentes.

The hook ſhe bore inſtead of Cynthia's ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.
Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
  Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs, and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts, or frequent the lawns,
The God whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,

Nec jaculo gravis eſt, ſed aduncâ dextera falce:
Qua modo luxuriem premit, et ſpatiantia paſſim
Brachia compeſcit: fiſſâ modo cortice virgam
Inſerit: et ſuccos alieno praeſtat alumno,
Nec patitur ſentire ſitim: bibulaeque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agreſtûm metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus: et acceſſus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quid non et Satyri, ſaltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu praecincti cornua Panes,
Silvanuſque, ſuis ſemper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,

Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To paſs the fences, and ſurprize the fair?
Like theſe, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe, rejected by the ſcornful dame.
To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears:
And firſt a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked ſcythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſun-burnt temples ſhade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the ſweating ſteers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtraglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears;

Ut potirentur eâ? ſed enim ſuperabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habitu duri meſſoris ariſtas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit meſſoris imago!
Tempora ſaepe gerens foeno religata recenti,
Deſectum poterat gramen verſaſſe videri.
Saepe manu ſtimulos rigidâ portabat; ut illum
Jurares feſſos modo disjunxiſſe juvencos.
Falce datâ, frondator erat, vitiſque putator.
Induerat ſcalas, lecturum poma putares.
Miles erat gladio, piſcator arundine ſumtâ,

Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.
A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs;
Prop'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd;
And "Happy you! (he thus addreſs'd the maid)
"Whoſe charms as far all other nymphs out-ſhine,
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!
Then kiſs'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow.)
Then plac'd beſide her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with Autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whoſe embraces led,
The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread:

Denique per multas aditum ſibi ſaepe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet ſpectatae gaudia formae.
Ille etiam pictâ redimitus tempora mitrâ,
Innitens baculo, poſitis ad tempora canis
Adſimulavit anum: cultoſque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata eſt: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatae dedit oſcula; qualia nunquam
Vera dediſſet anus: glebâque incurva reſedit,
Suſpiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
Ulmus erat contra, ſpatioſa tumentibus uvis:

He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he ſaid)
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!
What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crouds as you?
Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulyſſes' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.

Quam ſociâ poſtquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At ſi ſtaret, ait, coelebs ſine palmite truncus,
Nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Haec quoque, quae junctâ vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terrae adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubituſque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus eſſet
Sollicitata procis: nec quae Lapitheïa movit
Proelia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulixei.
Nunc quoque, cum fugias averſeriſque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; et ſemideique deique,
Et quaecunque tenent Albanos numina montes.

But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
Whom age, and long experience render wiſe,
And one whoſe tender care is far above
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſt)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the reſt.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himſelf, himſelf is better known.
To diſtant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection, as his early care.
Beſides, he's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
Add, that he varies ev'ry ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may Pomona pleaſe.

Sed tu, ſi ſapies, ſi te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quae te plus omnibus illis,
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice taedas:
Vertumnumque tori ſocium tibi delige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim ſibi notior ille eſt,
Quam mihi. nec toto paſſim vagus errat in orbe,
Haec loca ſola colit; nec uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat; tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; ſolique ſuos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod eſt juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet: formaſque apte fingetur in omnes:
Et, quod erit juſſus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.

But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares, and pleaſures are the ſame:
To him your orchards early fruits are due,
(A pleaſing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
He values theſe; but yet (alas) complains,
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
Nor taſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
You, only you, can move the God's deſire:
Oh crown ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire!
Let ſoft compaſſion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind;
So may no froſt, when early buds appear,
Deſtroy the promiſe of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!
This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He ſtrait aſſum'd his native form again;

Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quae tibi poma colun-
Primus habet; laetâque tenet tua munera dextrâ? [tur,
Sed neque jam foetus deſiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum ſuccis mitibus herbas;
Nec quidquam, niſi te. Miſerere ardentis: et ipſum,
Qui petit, ore meo praeſentem crede precari.
Sic tibi nec vernum naſcentia frigus adurat
Poma: nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.
Haec ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit, et anilia demit

Such, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face!
In her ſoft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
And the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

Inſtrumenta ſibi: taliſque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppoſitos nitidiſſima ſolis imago
Evicit nubes, nullâque obſtante reluxit.
Vimque parat, ſed vi non eſt opus: inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha eſt, et mutua vulnera ſentit.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,——
This ſilly Clerk full low doth lout;
They asken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs.

But, as he glozeth with Speeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke crieth Quaake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter,)
" Be thilke ſame thing Maids longer a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke.

II.

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur, (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fiſh at Billinſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo——n's Dog and bitch,
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and Windſor's
tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAir Charmer ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threatned veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly muſic ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus cou'd charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he:
A poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Aeolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade:
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flow'ry Treaſures ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhow'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flouret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:

Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the Stream.
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud Grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus thro' Miſts we ſee the Sun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud ſoft ſhow'rs we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that ſunny ſphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft' in vain;
Loſt in the maze of words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of fools, and cheat of all the wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

X.

But could'ſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How church and ſtate ſhould be oblig'd to thee?
At ſenate, and at bar, how welcome would'ſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the Town,
The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are odly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A pratting thing, a Magpye hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate,
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging ſhe'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plaiſt, Monſieur.*

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a Bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PArſon, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes ſent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in;
The Polyglott,—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next:
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.
He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays—if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor S——t.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.